THE DURHAM GARLAND.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I. How a noble Lord of *Durham* went a hunting, and lay in a Foreſter's houſe in *Yorkſhire*; the ſame night the Foreſter's wife was brought to bed of a ſon: How this Lord ſtood godfather, and gave his god-ſon a golden chain and cabinet; charging none ſhould open it until the child came of years to read and write.

PART II. How the Foreſter's child grew up, and at a eleven years of age could read Greek and Latin: How he demanded the cabinet, and read that his fortune was to be hanged; ſo he went away from his parents, leaving them in great ſorrow.

PART III. How he came to *Durham*, and happened to get a place in his godfather's houſe, where he remained the ſpace of ſeven years, and then got leave of his Lord to go and ſee his parents: How two of his fellow ſervants put his Lord's gold cup in his portmantle, and when the cup was miſſing, he was taken for it, and condemn'd to die.

PART IV. When he came to the place of execution, how miraculouſly he was ſaved, and afterwards married to the Lord's daughter with great pomp and ſplendor; with an impartial account of his accuſers being executed for the ſame offence for which he was condemned.

Licenſed and Entered according to Order.

This differs from the copy in Lockhart.

The DURHAM GARLAND, &c.

Tune of, *Chatham* Town; or, *Oxfordſhire* Lady.

A Worthy Lord of birth and ſtate,
Who did in *Durham* live of late,
But I will not declare his name,
By reaſon of his birth and fame.

But that if you the truth wou'd know,
This Lord he did a hunting go,
He had indeed a noble train,
Of Lords, and Knights, and Gentlemen.

To famous *Yorkſhire* he would ride,
With his Gentlemen by his ſide;
In hunting hard they paſs'd the day,
But being weary as they ſay.

This noble Lord he leaves his train,
Of Lords and worthy Gentlemen:
And hearing not the horn to blow,
He could not tell which way to go.

Then did he wander to and fro,
Being weary likewiſe full of woe,
At laſt dame fortune was ſo kind,
That he th: keeper's houſe did find.

He went and knocked at the door,
And though it was ſo late an hour,
The Foreſter did let him in,
And kindly entertained him.

But in the middle of the night,
When as the ſtars did ſhine moſt bright,
This Lord was in a ſad ſurprize,
Being wak'd by a moſt fearful noiſe.

Then he did riſe and call with ſpeed,
To know the reaſon then indeed,
Of all that ſhrieking and thoſe cries,
Which ſo diſturb'd his weary eyes.

I'm ſorry, ſir, the keeper ſaid,
That you ſhou'd be ſo much afraid,

But

But I do hope all will be well,
For my wife ſhe is in travail.

This noble Lord was learn'd and wiſe,
He knew the planets in the ſkies,
He ſaw an evil planet reign,
He call'd the Foreſter again.

And gave him for to underſtand,
He'd have the midwife hold her hand;
But was anſwered by the maid,
My miſtreſs is delivered.

At one o'clock that very morn,
A lovely infant then was born;
It was indeed a charming boy,
Which brought the man and wife much joy.

This Lord was generous, kind, and free,
And proffer'd godfather to be;
The good-man thank'd him heartily,
For his good will and courteſy.

A parſon was ſent for with ſpeed,
For to baptize the child indeed;
And after that, as I hear ſay,
In joy and mirth they ſpent the day.

This Lord did noble preſents give,
Which all the ſervants did receive;
They pray'd increaſement to his ſtore,
For they ne'er had ſo much before.

And likewiſe to the child he gave
A preſent, noble, rich and brave;
It was a charming cabinet,
That was with pearls and jewels ſet.

Within it was a chain of gold,
Would dazzle eyes for to behold:
A richer gift, as I may ſay,
Was ne'er beheld this many a day.

He charg'd the father faithfully,
That he himſelf ſhould keep the key,

Until

Until the child could write and read,
And then to give it him indeed.

Pray do not open it at all.
Whatever ſhould on you befal:
For it may do my godſon good,
If it be rightly underſtood.

This Lord did not declare his name,
Nor yet the place from whence he came;
But ſecretly he did depart,
And left them grieved to the heart.

PART II.

THE ſecond part I'll now unfold,
As true a ſtory as e'er was told,
Concerning of this lovely child,
Who was obedient, ſweet and mild.

This child did take his learning ſo,
If you the truth of all would know,
At eleven years of age indeed,
Both greek and latin he could read.

Then thinking of his cabinet,
That was with pearls and jewels ſet;
He aſk'd his father for the key,
The which he gave him ſpeedily.

But when he did the ſame unlock,
He was with great amazement ſtruck,
When he the riches did behold,
And likewiſe ſaw the chain of gold.

But ſearching farther he did find,
A paper, which diſturb'd his mind,
Which was within the cabinet,
In greek and latin thus was writ.

" My child ſerve God that is on high,
And pray to him inceſſantly:
Obey your parents, love your king,
That nothing may your conſcience ſting.

For

For ſeven years hence your fate will be,
Thou muſt be hung upon a tree:
Then pray to God both night and day,
To let that hour paſs away."

When he theſe woeful lines did read,
He with a ſigh did ſay indeed,
If hanging be my deſtiny,
My parents ſhall not ſee me die.

For I will wander to and fro,
And go where I not one do know,
But firſt I'll aſk my parents leave,
In hopes their bleſſing to receive.

Then locking of the cabinet,
He went from his own chamber ſtraight,
Unto his only parents dear,
Beſeeching them with many a tear.

That they would grant what he would have,
But firſt your bleſſing I do crave,
And beg you'll let me go away,
'Twill do me good another day.

For I indeed have made a vow,
But muſt not tell the reaſon now;
But if I live I will return,
When ſeven years are paſt and gone.

Both man and wife did then reply,
We fear my ſon, that we ſhall die;
If we ſhould yield to let you go,
Our aged hearts would break with woe.

Yet he intreated eagerly,
That they were forc'd to comply,
And gave conſent that he ſhould go,
But where, alas! they did not know.

PART III.

IN the third part you ſoon will find,
That fortune was to him moſt kind;
For after many dangers paſt,
He came to *Durham* at the laſt,

And

And went by chance as I heard ſay,
To the ſame houſe that very day,
In which his godfather did dwell,
But mind what luck to him befel.

This child did crave a ſervice there,
Then ſtraight came out his godfather,
Who ſeeing him a pretty youth,
Took him to be his page in truth.

In this ſame place he pleaſ'd ſo well,
That above the reſt he bore the bell,
This child ſo well the Lord did pleaſe,
He raiſed him higher by degrees.

He made him butler ſure indeed,
And then his ſteward with all ſpeed,
Which made the other ſervants ſpite,
And envy him both day and night.

He never was falſe unto his truſt,
But proved ever true and juſt,
And he did ever hourly pray,
He might be guided night and day.

In this place it plainly appears,
He liv'd the ſpace of ſeven years;
His parents then he thought upon,
And of his promiſe to return.

He humbly of his Lord did crave,
That he his free conſent might have,
To go and ſee his parents dear,
He had not ſeen for many a year.

Then having leave away he went,
Not dreaming of the falſe intent,
That was contriv'd againſt him then,
By wicked, falſe, deceitful men.

They had in his portmantle put,
This noble Lord's fine golden cup;
And when the Lord at dinner was,
The cup was miſs'd as't came to paſs.

Where can it be? the Lord did ſay,
We had it here but yeſterday,
The butler then reply'd with ſpeed,
If you will hear the truth indeed.

Your darling ſteward which is gone,
With feather'd neſt away is flown;
I warrant you he has that and more,
That does belong unto your ſtore.

No ſays the Lord, that cannot be,
For I have try'd his honeſty;
Then ſays the cook, my Lord I'll die,
Upon a tree full ten feet high.

He hearing what theſe men did ſay,
Did ſend a meſſenger that day,
To take him with a hue and cry,
And bring him back immediately.

They ſearch'd his portmantle with ſpeed,
In which they found the cup indeed;
Then was he ſtruck with ſad ſurprize,
And could not well believe his eyes.

The aſſizes then was drawing nigh,
Where he was doom'd to die;
And ſo this injur'd innocence,
Could nothing ſay in his defence.

PART IV.

BUT coming to the gallows tree,
Whereon he thought to hanged be,
He clapt his hands upon his breaſt,
And then in tears theſe words expreſs'd.

Blind fortune will be fortune ſtill,
I ſee let men ſay what they will;
For though this day I needs muſt die,
I am not guilty, no, not I.

This noble Lord was in amaze,
He ſtood, and did with wonder gaze,
At laſt he ſpoke with words ſo mild,
What mean you by that ſaying, child!

Will that your Lordſhip, then ſaid he,
Grant one day's full reprieve for me,
A diſmal ſtory I'll relate,
Concerning of my wretched fate,

Speak up, my child, the Lord did ſay,
This day, I ſwear thou ſhalt not die,
And if I find you innocent,
I'll crown your days with ſweet content.

Then he told all his ſorrows paſt,
He had gone through from firſt to laſt,
Then fetch'd the chain and cabinet,
And ſhew'd the paper that was wrote.

Which when this noble Lord did ſee,
He ran to him moſt eagerly;
And in his arms did him embrace,
Repeating of theſe words in haſte.

My child, my child, how bleſs'd am I,
Thou'rt innocent, and muſt not die;
I am indeed thy godfather,
And thou was born in fair *Yorkſhire*.

I have only one daughter dear,
Which is indeed my only heir,
Yet I will give her unto thee,
And crown thee with felicity.

And ſo together home they went,
In mirth and joy, and ſweet content;
This lady ſoon agreed they ſay,
That that ſhould be their wedding day.

But when the butler and the cook,
With them that ſtole the golden cup,
Confeſs'd their fault immediately,
And for it died deſervedly.

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This goodly youth as I do hear,
Thus rais'd ſent for his parents dear,
Who did rejoice their child to ſee,
Thus ends my tragic-comedy.

FINIS.